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THE  
*LAMENTABLE*  
COMPLAINTS

OF

Hop the Brewer

AND

*Kilcalfe* the Butcher,

As they met by chance in the Countrey, against the restraint lately set out by the Parliament, against Tapsters and Cookes: which hath caused them to cracke their credit, and to betake them to their heeles.



Printed in the Yeare 1641.



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THE LAMENTABLE COMPLAINTS OF  
HOP THE BREWER AND KILCALF  
THE BUTCHER.

*Hop.*

**W**HAT neighbour *Kilcalf*, who would have thought to meet you here, what good news is there stirring in London I pray can you tell ?

*Kilcalf.* News Mr. *Hop*, there is great store such as it is, but none I am sure that is good for you or me.

*Hop.* I hope Mr. *Kilcalf* there is none will prove hurtful to us.

*Kilcal.* Yes truly neighbour there is ill news for us.

*Hop.* I pray my good friend let me hear all the news whatsoever it be.

*Kilcal.* Why ? I will tell you, Sir, since you are so inquisitive : There is A-Bell (and one of the greatest in the Town) lately fallen from Aldermary Church, and some say it is burst all in pieces.

*Hop.* Well Sir what can this hurt you or me ? but say this Bell be broke, it may be new cast and hanged and all will be well again.

*Kilcal.* Very right Sir, and this may be done with little charge, and besides there are ropes provided already; there are three generous Vintners in the Parish that have promised to defray the whole charge.

*Hop.* The Vintners may afford it neighbour, I hear they pay no Tunnage now the wine Patent is put down, but pray what is the news you speak off ?

*Kilcal.* Why, have you not heard of the restraint that was lately set forth by the Parliament, whereby all Cooks and Tapsters and many other professions are forbidden to dress meat and draw drink on Sundays ?

*Hop.* Indeed I have heard that some such thing was intended, but I never heard that it was in black and white until this hour, I hope there is no such thing, is there neighbour, are you sure ?

*Kilcal.* Sure say you ! Am I sure that ever I knocked down an ox and cut his throat on a Sunday morning think you ? s'foot shall I not believe my own eyes ?

*Hop.* I would they had been out, so thou hadst not lived to see this chance.

*Kil.* Nay now neighbour I must tell you, you are some what too bitter, did you not promise to

hear me whatsoever it were, and seeing you are so hot, farewell.

*Hop.* Nay good neighbour stay, I cry thee heartily mercy, it was my passion which made me so much forget myself, but if this be true.

*Kil.* If me no if's, tis true as I tell you.

*Hop.* Why then what will become of us ?

*Kil.* Truly I know not, we must e'en shut up our doors, and never so much as take leave of our Landlords.

*Hop.* As I am an honest man, you and I are both of a mind, you have spoke my own thoughts, for I am sure if I tarry till quarter day, my Landlord will provide me a house *gratis*, I should be very unwilling to accept of his kindness, and he to my knowledge was always very forward to do such a curtesy to the worst debtor he had.

*Kil.* Truly Master *Hop*, I am not so much engaged to my Landlord for his love, as you to yours ; but this I am sure there is a Grazier dwelling in this part that hath my hand (down upon a piece of sheepskin) not for my honesty, but for some certain money which I owe him, and if I do not wisely prevent him, I know not which of the Counters I am like to keep my Christmas in.

*Hop.* I pray Master *Kilcalf* can you prevent him ?

*Kil.* Why, I'll show him the bag, I'll run man, dost understand me ?



*Hop.* Yes very well, but I believe that he had rather you would show him his money, and then he would understand you.

*Kil.* But by his favour he shall not understand, nor stand under any money of mine if I can keep it from him.

*Hop.* But I pray tell me, how came you so much in debt? did you use to trust your customers for your meat? I beleive you dealt with them for ready money, did you not?

*Kil.* Truly Sir I was forced to trust some times when my customers had not money to pay me: There was one master *Rule roast* a Cook that owed me almost one hundred pounds, who no sooner heard of this strict command against selling of meat on Sundays, but he hanged a padlock on the door and away went Pilgarlick. I cannot hear of my Gentleman since his departure, nor do I ever look to receive my money now.

*Hop.* Now, why not now?

*Kil.* Because I do never look to see him again, but put the case he should ever come again, he would never be able to pay me without he were suffered to sell meat on Sundays in service time.

*Hop.* Why? is it impossible for Cooks to get money on the week days? I know no reason but why they may as well as on the Sundays.



*Kil.* Yes Sir, tis very possible, but I will tell you what I have observed in some of these Cooks. You should have a Cook that upon Sundays would dress twice so much meat as upon any other day, and sell it three times as dear; for Sir his door shall stand open all the service time, and any body may be suffered to come in (the Church wardens excepted) and he that calls for any of his roasted beef, hath it weighed to him by the ounce, or at least one would think it so by the thin slices, which he with much policy carveth from the spit; and so by this his policy he will make you eighteen pence of that which (on any other day) he would take eight pence for, and greet you with a welcome into the bargain, but those days are now past and therefore I despair of ever seeing my money.

*Hop.* I am just in your case, did you not know *Nick Froth* the Tapster at the Bell? he was a man that used his customers as your Cook used his, for in service time on Sundays you should have him draw his beer out at a penny a demi can, or a half pint; besides the witty knave had an excellent faculty in frothing, he would get as much in drawing half a barrel on a Sunday as he should by a whole barrel on any other day; and for his Indian smoke he sold that as dear as Apothecaries do their Ambergreece: I seeing him in this hopeful thriving way, trusted him with a hundred and fifty barrels of Beer, in

hope (though) I should have had my money before this time, but he being debarred of this privilege, I utterly despair of payment, and so by this and many others such like debtors I am like to be undone, and therefore I'll not stay in England.

*Kil.* Then let us both return to London and gather up as many of our debts as we can, to bear our charges in our journey. If we can but once get cross the great pond, we may with confidence outface our Creditors, our days of payment draw near, therefore let us make good use of our time that we have to tarry.

*Come let's away, and if the wind sit right,  
We'll be at Dover by to morrow at night.*

FINIS.

**W&SS**

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